

THE BEE.

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W. CALVIN CHASE, Editor.

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NEGRO DEMOCRATS TO CON- VENE.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor, H. C. C. Astwood and others of the negro democratic league have issued a call for a negro democratic convention to convene in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., in August. What the object of the convention is or what work is to be done is a question of doubt.

The editor of this paper no doubt, will be present as a spectator to see what is to be done.

These gentlemen have taken the lead in organizing negro democrats and their forces seem to increase notwithstanding the fact that the rank and file of the democratic party care but little for those braves.

The BEE doesn't mean to say that all democrats are alike, any more than are republicans alike.

The followers of Mr. Taylor seem to have faith in the principle of the democratic party, notwithstanding the opposition to the confirmation of Mr. Taylor by the democratic Senate.

If the democratic party cares anything at all for the negro, some inducements should be made; this apparent opposition to him does not seem to decrease his ardor for the party.

The negro is a peculiar being the more you abuse him the more he loves you.

THE RECORDER'S OFFICE.

THE COMING CHANGES.

What Recorder Taylor will do when he returns from his ten days trip to Kansas City, Kan. is a question of conjecture among the office holders and politicians.

Some of Taylor's supporters are in favor of his appointing a competent negro deputy to succeed Col. Schyer. Whether Mr. Taylor intends to make a change in this office is not definitely known.

A prominent negro democratic politician of Pennsylvania, is reported to have been invited to succeed Col. Schyer. There will be a large discharge among the copists, male and female. These changes however will not be made until Mr. Taylor returns.

Recorder Taylor is anxious to recognize the services of Bishop Brown by appointing him son.

It is believed that Brown's appointment to succeed Smith is virtually settled.

Mrs. Walter S. Thomas now Miss Annie Brooks, has already been designated as Mr. Taylor's private secretary. There will be a large discharge among the copists, male and female. These changes however will not be made until Mr. Taylor returns.

A NEGRO FOREMAN.

Hon. Thomas E. Benedict is the kind of a democrat the negro democrats want.

When Mr. Benedict first took charge of the Government Printing office in 1890, colored republicans were in the person of Mr. Clark.

This man was in the map room and a few white republicans were also there and they attempted to embarrass the Public Printer.

Mr. Clark in the meantime knew as much about the map room as the white republicans who made an effort to embarrass Mr. Benedict, and he was made foreman of the room.

This created a riddle, "the idea" said some of the white republicans of a democrat appointing a negro over white people. This of course did not disturb Mr. Benedict, but he politely informed all that it would be a wise thing for them all to attend to their business.

When the republicans won, the sub boss recommended Clark's removal which was done and every place Clark would secure some evasive people would say he was a negro democrat and have him discharged.

When Mr. Benedict returned to power he promptly re-instated Clark who is one of the most faithful colored men in the Government Printing office.

He is foreman of the map room.

SHORT OF FUNDS.

Public Printer Benedict has notified the Secretary of the Treasury that he is short of funds and unless something is done immediately he will be compelled to suspend work in the office.

WELL PREPARED.

How Some Marriage Ceremonies Were Performed.

A minister's wife, who is not so seriously minded at all times as her husband is, tells some laughable stories relating to marriage ceremonies which he performed while they were living in a newly settled district in the backwoods of Canada.

The minister always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume.

One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared," she said, innocently; "well, if I ain't prepared, I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand-new feather beds, two sheets and two pillow slips, four linen table cloths, a dozen spoons, and a good six-quart kettle. If I ain't prepared, no girl in this county ever was!"

Even With the Conductor.

A young man wearing a red necktie and a new spring suit boarded a yellow car at the post office last evening. He slid gracefully into a seat and had just buried his face in a paper when the conductor touched him on the shoulder and held out his hand for the fare.

The young man fumbled through his pockets while the conductor still held out his hand expectantly. As he turned his last pocket inside out he turned red as he remarked:

"I will have to walk, I guess; I can't find any money."

"Never mind," said a small man with a ragged beard and rusty hat, "here's a nickel."

The conductor took the money, rang his bell and went out on the platform. "It was very kind of you, I am sure," said the young man. "Where can I find you to-morrow to repay your kindness?"

"You needn't mind bothering about that," said the little man. "I was actuated by a selfish motive."

"A selfish motive? What was it?"

"I wanted revenge upon the conductor. That nickel was a lead nickel. When he turns in his cash at the end of the run it will be detected and he will have to make it good. He lives next door to me and kicked my dog last week."—Kansas City Times.

Mixed Up the Two Websters.

During Daniel Webster's visit to England he was taken one day to see Lord Brougham. That eminent jurist, however, received him with such coolness that Mr. Webster was glad to get away, and took his leave at the first opportunity. The friend saw him to his rooms and then returned to Lord Brougham, and in some anger said:

"My lord, how could you behave with such unseemly rudeness and discourtesy to so great a lawyer and statesman? It was insulting to him, and has filled me with mortification."

"Why, what on earth have I done, and whom have I been rude to?" asked his lordship.

"To Daniel Webster, of the Senate of the United States."

"Great Jupiter, what a blunder!" exclaimed Lord Brougham, realizing the mistake he had made. "I thought it was that fellow Webster who made a dictionary and nearly ruined the English language."

Then, it is said, the great chancellor sought out Mr. Webster, explained and excused his conduct, which the latter generously accepted, and, it is added, having other tastes in common besides law and politics, they made a royal night of it. All of which is probably true enough to found a story on.

He'd Have the Best.

Going back to Washington from witnessing the test of the thirteen-inch gun, Jerry Simpson was asked what he thought of the day's proceedings. After denouncing war as unnecessary, and a navy as useless, Mr. Simpson said that his opinion of the thirteen-inch gun could best be illustrated by a little story. "A staid New England Quaker," he said, "was strenuously opposed to the use of an organ in church, at last found that he could not prevent his people from getting one, and so was induced to go and hear one played. He finally acquiesced about as follows: 'Well, if these fellows insist on praising God by a machine, I suppose it's best to have a good one.' And that," added Mr. Simpson, "is about my idea concerning the thirteen-inch gun."

Interstate Commerce.

The traffic on the waterways of the United States is enormous. On the Great Lakes there is a fleet of 3,700 steam and sailing vessels, with a net registered tonnage of 1,250,000 tons. On the 16,000 miles of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, there were afloat in 1890, 7,445 crafts of all kinds, with a registered tonnage of 3,400,000 tons. During the year this fleet carried 80,000,000 tons of freight and 11,000,000 passengers. The Hudson river had in the same year 5,000,000 passengers and 15,000,000 tons of freight, exclusive of 3,500,000 tons that passed from the State canals of New York by way of the Hudson river to tide water.

To Keep Vegetables Fresh.

All vegetables when cut may be kept fresh by putting the stalks into water. Servants generally insist on immersing them, which favors decomposition. Carrots, turnips and the like, if placed in layers in a box of sand, will keep for many weeks. Clean, new-laid eggs will keep quite fresh for months if buried in dry salt, well closed. Boiled potatoes ought to be laid out on a plate and are then as good for frying or mashing as if they were freshly cooked.

Jugglery.

Miss Dymple—What in the world makes you so still?

Follbud—I have something on my mind.

Miss Dymple (wonderingly)—How in the world do you ever manage to balance it?—Somerville Journal.

Love without Limit is simply emotional Jim-Jams.

RAVENS BUT NOT HAWKES.

A Good Story of a Noted North Carolina Divine.

North Carolina probably never produced an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of Grace Episcopal church, New York. Short, thick-set, swarthy, black-eyed, and black-haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York episcopacy.

His rather luxurious family deterred him from accepting a bishopric, which would have otherwise been tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon him, and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city. "Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we recognize that you have a high reputation, and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has received \$2,500, but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you \$3,500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get \$15,000 and this paragonage; so you have an expensive family, I do not use for the 350 buildings in the town. They wanted the land to plant vineyards upon. They sold the houses to a Missourian by the name of Boyd for a trifle. The next winter he began to put rollers under the houses, and then down the banks to the frozen river, and then slid and rolled and pushed them six miles up the river, and founded the town of Fort Madison, Ia.; all except about forty of the houses which are to-day on the left bank of the river, opposite the site of the extinct town of Nauvoo."

Matthew Arnold's Democracy.

During Matthew Arnold's visits to this country, there were few things in which he manifested so eager an interest as in the conversation of our laboring men as overheard by him from time to time. Frequently he repeated to me sentences which had reached him in the street, upon the trains, or at railway stations, asking, "Is not such intelligence uncommon amongst your working people?" Upon my reply in the negative, he would say, "It is surprising; you would not meet with it in England." A democrat by conviction rather than by temperament, urging democracy as "the only method consistent with the human instinct toward expansion," he was yet an educator, and believed in equality upon a high, not upon a low, plane. Like Ruskin, he demanded of men their best, and with less than their best refused to be satisfied.

Florence Earle Coates in the Century.

Willing to Fight For It.

An English Journal tells a good story at the expense of the Earl of Derby. While walking on and belonging to the Earl a collier chanced to meet his own. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to wake on somebody's. Where did that get it from?" explained his lordship. "I got it from my ancestor." "An' wheer did they get it fro?" inquired the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did their ancestors get it fro?" They fought for it," "Well, beaded," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll fight thee for it!"

It has been suggested by some students of food products that the wild rice of the Northern Lakes might be profitably cultivated for food. It has a good grain, but it falls very easily when ripe, and is thus lost. The Indians, however, ate it, and a book on Indian manners and customs contains a plate representing a party of Sioux gathering wild rice from bark canoes. One woman paddles the canoe while another knocks the rice from its hold with a stick.

Fifty Dollar Coins.

Fifty-dollar gold pieces were never coined by the United States government; there were, however, private issues of octagonal gold coins of this value in California in 1851, 1852, 1853 and 1855. In 1851-55, also, round fifty-dollar pieces were issued in California. They received their full value when deposited at the United States assay offices. By the now existing laws of this country there can be no revival of private coinages bearing such close resemblance to authorized mint issues.

It Looks Like a "Sure Thing."

The chances that an accident insurance company takes when it sells a policy good for twenty-four hours to a casual traveler may be estimated when it is known that the interstate commerce commission has figured out that one person is killed by railroad accidents in this country for every 1,500,000 people who ride twenty-four miles. Selling accident policies on these figures looks like a "sure thing" for the accident companies.—Albany Express.

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Teacher (pointing to caricature of himself on blackboard)—Hollerback, you are the best of my pupils. Say, who drew that horrid face on the board?

Scholar—Please, sir, my sense of honor forbids my acting the part of informer unless you assure the perpetrator immunity from punishment.

"Ah, well, for your sake we will let it pass this time. Now, who was it?" "I did it myself."

Advantage of Matrimony.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustall bank?

Depositor—Not a penny.

"Well, well! If you knew the thing was going wrong, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank checks. Then she went shopping."

Tit-Bits.

Well Occupied.

Ellerton—I should like to know where the bright girls of the past are?

Bronson—I should say that some of them are administering cautions doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.—Town Topics.

ONE EGG FOR TEN.

The Allowance at a California Oystercrunch Farm.

One egg for ten guests is the allowance at a California oystercrunch farm, as I found when I visited one.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, said our host, counting the guest he had invited to spend the day at the oystercrunch farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he wended his way to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could be no longer restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the table.

But apart from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked, like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to it.

It was evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare, as these leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich eggs was good.

Solomon and His Family.

Solomon was a large white rat, who lived in an artist's studio in New York. He received his name because of his wisdom and his solemn face.

Solomon was as trustworthy as a dog. He refrained from nibbling the curtains and rich stuffs that were scattered about the studio, and was most particular not to take cheese or rich cake up on the sofa, where he was allowed to play and sleep when his paws were clean.

Now it so happened that a friend of Solomon's mistress had some rats, a father and mother and seven children. One night a stray cat found her way to the cage and ate up the old rats.

Solomon's mistress agreed to adopt them, and the cage was taken into her room.

Solomon stared and then went cautiously up to the newcomers. He soon showed signs of joy at their arrival, and immediately took the little rats under his protection.

He came to him and coaxed them to snuggle down by his side, as their mother would have done.

When they were allowed to run about he watched them and taught them where they might go and where they were not to go, running after any wild youngster who strayed behind screens or meddled with what he ought not to touch.

Only one of the seven orphans turned out a genius, but all of them became respectable rats, and a great credit to Solomon.

The genius of the family one day came upon a guitar lying on the sofa, and running up to it, made the strings sound. The music pleased him so much that after his discovery he frequently went in search of the instrument, and scamped back and forth over the strings to his own great delight and to the amusement of all who saw him.

Irving Likes America.

A gentleman who is an intimate friend of Henry Irving, says that the English actor has seriously considered making New York his permanent home, and that when he sailed for England it was with the half-expressed intention of returning in the spring of 1895 and remaining here.

"Mr. Irving had a strong prejudice against America ten years ago," said his friend, "but his feelings changed and he became a great admirer of American methods and institutions. His western trip amazed him. He had no idea of the immensity of the country or of its varied features."

He was especially pleased with Colorado and bought some land there. Mr. Irving likes New York better than any other American city he has visited. So strong was his desire to stay here he inspected a dwelling on Fifty-eighth street with a view to buying it. He might have remained in his professional engagements as well as some private business did not demand his presence in London. I think I am safe in predicting that Henry Irving will sign himself a New Yorker before the beginning of the year 1896."—New York Mail and Express.

How to Preserve Feathers.

The disposal and management of the feathers is a thing that calls for attention. As soon as a fowl is killed, and while yet warm, let it be carefully plucked. Separate the large wing-feathers; put the other large and small paper bags previously prepared. Put these bags into an oven and let them remain about half an hour; take them out, repeat the process two or three times, then keep the feathers in a dry place until required. The oven must not be too hot. Care must be taken to free the feathers of any skin or flesh that may adhere to them while being plucked, or they will be tainted. The hard quill portion of the larger feathers must be cut off with a pair of scissors. The wing and tail feathers may be stripped and added to the others. Previous to putting them in the oven, some recommend that the feathers should be put loosely into a dry tub or basket and shaken up daily, so that all may in turn be exposed to the air. Others recommend, as an easier plan, merely to suspend the bag from the ceiling of a warm kitchen, or on the wall behind a fire-place, where it is practicable. In this case they will take longer to dry. Feathers can be quickly and effectively dried and cleaned by the agency of steam; but it is rather an expensive method, and the thrifty housewife will doubtless prefer having the produce of her own yard prepared under her own eye and by her own direction.

'Round Too Much.

Pale with suppressed indignation, Algeron McStab uncrossed his legs, rose stiffly and turned up his coat collar.

"Glycerine McCurdy," he howled, "you have seen fit to sneer at me. You have accused me of having a wheel in my head. If I have, false beauty, it is at least a wheel that has run true to you."

"Ah, yes," replied the young woman, with a pensive, far-away look in her soulful eyes, "and yet I hardly want you for a hub, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

HOUSE MOVING.

Some of the Curiosities Connected With It.

"The moving of houses, either of brick, stone or wood, for long distances is a very simple matter nowadays," said Judge Robert Campbell, of St. Louis. "While at Wichita, recently, one of the citizens told me, 'We are improving very fast; houses are being moved into the city every day.' He referred to the fact that during the mad and frenzied days of the Wichita boom streets with granite old walks were run away out into the cornfields of the prairie, and hand some villas were built several miles from town by the suddenly enriched populace, who imagined that their suburban sites would in a few years be centrally located. The boom collapsed, Wichita and lots again became farms, and these suburban villas bought for song are now being hauled into town, to its vast improvement."

"The most remarkable case of house moving I ever heard of was at Nauvoo, Ill. When the Mormons were driven out of Missouri by an armed force they built the town of Nauvoo on the banks of the Mississippi. Here they erected their temple and constructed a thriving town. Then the Illinois people arose, burned the temple, murdered the prophet, Joseph Smith, and the entire community fled to Utah. Mennonites from Russia came along and bought the land they had left behind. They then moved the town. They wanted the land to plant vineyards upon. They sold the houses to a Missourian by the name of Boyd for a trifle. The next winter he began to put rollers under the houses, and then down the banks to the frozen river, and then slid and rolled and pushed them six miles up the river, and founded the town of Fort Madison, Ia.; all except about forty of the houses which are to-day on the left bank of the river, opposite the site of the extinct town of Nauvoo."

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RAILROAD.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO R. R.

Schedule in effect May 20th, 1894.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey Avenue and C Street.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited express trains 11:15 a. m., 8:30, p. m. For Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 8:30 p. m. express 12:10 night.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland express daily 11:15 a. m. and 8:35 p. m.

For Lexington and Staunton, 11:15 a. m. For Winchester and way stations 10:30 p. m. For Luray, Natural Bridge, Rosemount, Knoxville to Martinsburg and Memphis and New Orleans 12:05 night daily; Seeping Cars through.

For Luray, 8:30 p. m. daily.

For Baltimore weeks days 4:20, 5:00, 6:30, 7:20, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00, 11:45, 12:30, 1:15, 2:00, 2:45, 3:30, 4:15, 5:00, 5:45, 6:3

TIME TO GO AHEAD.

Signs That Told an Observant Girl That She Was Betrothed.

They happened to meet in a State street store the other day and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soul. She was one of those girls who are adored by old ladies, and constantly invited to tea by them to meet bachelor sons, and who can count all the beaux they ever had on the fingers of one hand.

The other—well, she was different; she was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with roses and bouquets and escorted to the theatre on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed that there is absolutely nothing in her.

The latter young woman was meditating over some silks when the other greeted her.

"I suppose you are trying to decide between the old rose and the pale green," she said.

"Well, no," replied the other girl frankly. "You see, I am getting my wedding things and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her words.

"Is it possible? I—"

"Yes, dear, and you can't imagine how nervous I am."

"Only hope you?"

"Will be happy? Of course I shall; why, I can always make him do just what I choose."

The other girl pursed up her lips and looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must be one that I can obey."

"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men—like it and it sounds pretty, besides doing no harm until you are really going to marry one of them, when you want your own way, just like any other sensible woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"—began the other girl dreamily.

"Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done it yet."

"But I thought that you?"

"Were selecting a trousseau? So I am, goosie. You see it is just this way: He will call at 8 this evening, and by 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

"But how do you know?" helplessly asked the other girl.

"Simply by precedent. When a man asks you in an anxious tone if you think a married man ought to give up his club you may know that his intentions are serious; and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own house it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in church."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Oh, do tell me about it."

"No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me—and now you must never tell this as long as you live."

"I never, never will!"

"Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that I slipped out into the hall where his coat was hanging and took the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

"It was a horse-drawn paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau?" she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, I do," meekly replied the other girl. *Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Dr. Hale on the Crash of 1893.

In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale's novel of "The Fortunes of Rachel" was first published. The novel runs to the end of the century, and in the year 1900, Tom Poore, at Washington, reviews the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. He says in this review: "The shares rose again steadily for five years, when I sold again. The crash of 1893 came, and everybody supposed manufacturing was at an end. At the lowest depression I bought 100 shares of the company."

When the company wound up two years ago (in 1898) the shares yielded \$6,000, and here it is. We reprint the passage from the novel, which is not so well known as it should be, for the benefit of investors in "the crash of 1893."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Uncle Zeb's Suspicion.

"Uncle Zeb," said the magistrate, "this is the third time you have been arrested this month."

"Yessir."

"How do you explain it?"

"Well, sah, dar's a new pieceman on our beat."

"Has that anything to do with the case?"

"I dunno, sah; on'y it s'ut'n' hez seemed ter me dat may be kinder usin' me ter practice on."

Yet He Meant Well.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the bride-wedding Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners.

"My friends," said the embarrassed young man as he rose up and faced the assembled tongs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Disappointing.

"Sister," said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuit like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?"

Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time.

"Certainly," she answered. "Are you going to have a party?"

"No; I wanted to try them in my new slingshot."—*Washington Star.*

Unselfish Love.

He—If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor.

She—You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—*Life.*

CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing With Some of Them.

"I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at the Hotel Denecaud last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked Mr. Justin Denecaud, who was behind the desk at the time.

"There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than twenty years I have slept in a bed with the head towards the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep in a bed with the head in any other direction."

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed in that position," said the clerk, as he ran his eye over the list of rooms. "The hotel is well filled to-night, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you," and calling the porter Mr. Denecaud instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter upstairs, and as nothing further was heard of him it is presumed that he retired and slept the sleep of the blessed.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Denecaud, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. You noticed that gentleman last night who demanded that his bed be changed with the head towards the north. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one. I remember an instance like this several years ago. A gentleman, slightly under the influence of liquor, came into the hotel one night, and producing a pocket compass, said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with the man and they placed the bed as requested. The joke about it was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position, and it so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed directly northeast, according to the compass, was in reality so placed that the head was directly to the south. The gentleman discovered his mistake the next morning, and I presume was cured of the fad."—*New Orleans Times.*

The Best He Could Do.

The seely individual, bear-eyed and unkempt, slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central Depot the other morning and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him.

"How much is a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"Five cents."

"And a steak?"

"Ten cents."

"Fried eggs?"

"Five cents."

"Potatoes?"

"Five cents."

"Bread and butter?"

"Five cents."

"Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?"

"Oh, no."

Then he ran his hand down into his pocket.

"Well, bring me them," he said, shaking his head. "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Sarcasm.

"John," she said after some silence. "What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a great deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty in making up her mind."

"Yes."

"Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?"

"No."

"And yet, just look at it."

She Tried to Help.

He (devoted but bashful)—There's been an awful lot in the papers lately about political combines and rings and such things.

Yes, I've noticed. Do women ever get mixed up with them?

He—Certainly not. Why do you ask that?

She (with a "now will you tumble" emphasis)—Because I feel as if I would like to get into a ring of some kind myself.

No presents.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Why He Was Dropped.

Ethel—Why didn't Henrietta have anything to do with that noted young writer when he came? She said she was going to.

Maude—Yes, but during their first talk he had never met a pretty woman who had any brains. So Henrietta dropped him, considering it a personal insult.

Ethel (amiably)—Why, which does she think she has?

Good Advice.

"She has discarded me," wailed the young man. "I have half a notion to shoot myself."

"When you entertain such an idea as that," replied the sage, "you are underestimating your affection."

"Don't you mean overestimating?"

"Well, you may be overestimating its intensity, but not its quantity. Just you wait a while and you will find you have love enough left for half a dozen girls."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

His Principle.

Brown—Is Black a man of principle? White—Decidedly. Whenever he wants any whiskey he sends Jack Fodd for it. Black's principles would allow him to be seen in a liquor shop.—*Boston Transcript.*

Of Adult Size.

Tommy—Pa, why do they say that a note matures when it falls due. Pa (worrying over his debts)—Because it's generally so blame big, I suppose.—*Chicago Record.*

Chops for One.

Johnnie (with an ax)—Papa, what is a chophouse?

Papa—It is a house where they have chops.

Johnny (plaintively)—Is it anything like a woodshed, papa?

HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Though He Was Father of the Baby, He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last—that is, tried to reject it.

"Make it George William," he said. "William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle Bill."

"Yes, and every one will call him Bill," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better."

"You won't make the change?"

"I don't see why I should."

"Very well," he said, as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the office."

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked:

"How about that name?"

"Why, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise.

"Good-day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door.

When he came home that night he asked:

"Is it still Gussie?"

"Augustus," she corrected.

"After supper do 'marked, sneeringly: 'Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?'"

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly.

Before going to church for the baptism the following morning he asked, sarcastically:

"Do you still stick to Gussie?"

"George Augustus," she said, sweetly.

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William." Then he put it in a \$10 bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped off to one side and handed the clergyman an envelope.

"Thank you for the fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name. Your wife gave it to me."

"I thought you might make a mistake in it," suggested the father.

"Oh, no. It is written very plainly 'George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

No Room to Explain.

The tramp with a new gag approached the man with money in his pocket.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give Mahommed something to-day?"

"Who's Mahommed?" asked the gentleman, somewhat puzzled.

"The Indian, sir, for Man-not-afraid-to-ask-for-a-dime."

"That's all right, but I never heard of Mahommed before."

The tramp assumed a look of amazement.

"What," he exclaimed; "never heard of Mahommed?"

"No; never did."

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Lincoln? Lincoln?" queried the gentleman, catching a cue. "Who's he?"

"The tramp ignored the question. 'Perhaps you've heard of Gen. Grant?'"

"Can't say I ever did."

"You've certainly heard of Washington?"

"Washington? Washington?" and the gentleman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Let me see; what was his first name?"

"George, sir—George Washington."

"No; I never heard of him. Who was he?"

The tramp took a long look at his proposed benefactor.

"Well," he said, "he was a man who never done what you are doing now in great shape, and the tramp had the gentleman in a hole he couldn't get out of without paying a dime and cutting short further explanation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Important Point.

"Oh, ray, Mamie," exclaimed Maud, "you just ought to see Harry since he joined the National Guard. He looks perfectly lovely."

"He must!" rejoined Mamie, rapidly.

"I do so hope there won't be any war!"

"It would be dreadful if Harry were to get killed."

"I wasn't thinking of that. Lots of people go to war without getting killed. But he'd just certainly to spoil his clothes."—*Washington Star.*

A Regular Thing.

The Hostess (apologetically at lunch-noon) This being Friday, Mr. Castle- ton, we don't have as much as on other days.

Castle-ton—Neither do I, as a rule.

The Hostess—Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to do so?

Castle-ton (going)—Oh, no. Because I'm broke.—*New York Herald.*

Economy.

Wool—Hicks promised to give his wife ten cents for every ten he spent for cigars.

Van Pelt—How does it work?

Wool—First rate, whenever we meet he buys me a drink and I buy him a cigar.—*Truth.*

An Egotist.

Miss Gussie Riverside—I don't think I would ever marry a very handsome man. I'd be so jealous if my husband was an Apollo.

Dudley Canesucker—Don't say that, Miss Gussie. You rob me of my last hope.—*Texas Siftings.*

Accounted for at Last.

First Urchin—What d'ye reckon's the reason Buffo Bill wears his hair so long?

Second Urchin—He wants to let them injure of his know he ain't afraid of 'em.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Fine Team.

Penelope—Don't you see the advantage?

Richley—No; I do not.

Penelope—Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!—*Life.*

A Distinction.

"Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle.

"Yes, sir; I enjoy goin' all right. It's still in school after I get there that I don't like."—*Washington Star.*

A HORSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Eats and Sleeps Under the Roof That Shelters the President.

A horse has his home in the White House. This is a literal fact which visitors never discover and which few Washington people know. The horse which shares the Executive Mansion with the President isn't a thoroughbred. He has neither pedigree nor record. He is just a plain, everyday horse, with a white star in his forehead, a faithful companion to Edgar R. Beckley.

And who is Edgar R. Beckley? The man who, for twenty-five years, has carried to and from the White House all of the interesting and valuable mail received and sent, and who has never been found remiss in his duty, says the Globe-Democrat. There are men who seem bound to become monuments of fidelity to routine trusts. Beckley is one of them. Rain or shine, in all seasons, he makes the hourly trips between the White House and the city Post-Office. He is the White House mail-carrier. And the horse that has his home in the White House carries Beckley.

The part of the mansion set apart for the horse is one corner of the conservatory. A thin partition is all that separates the roomy stall from the orchids. There is just room enough for the stall and a temporary supply of feed, and the horse eats and sleeps under the same roof with the President of the United States.

His Slave Was a Princess.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott County, Va.," said E. L. Dement to the editor of the Southern. "She lived to a great age, and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa, and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave-trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did, realizing instinctively that she was born to command. A grown woman when captured, she had lived with the same family for over seventy years at the time her freedom was declared, and she continued to reside on the plantation in a cabin set apart for her eighteen or twenty years after the war closed, making her considerably over a hundred years of age. She was known almost throughout the State as the African princess, and in her later years she was a sort of queen over the negroes in the region where she lived, being waited on in her little cabin by a retinue of servants whenever she wanted them to do her bidding."—*St. Louis Exchange.*

All He Wanted.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Kobbi! kobbi, ma'am," he replied, with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No, m. I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie, anyhow."

"No, m. I don't want no pie."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me an' the rest of the boys hez hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey, an' some celery, an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Quite Right.

A funny incident, accompanied by a witty retort, was enjoyed the other day as the crowd was surging out of one of the Indianapolis theatres. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears. "Where is B—?" said one of the party. "He doesn't seem to see us; I guess I'll wake him up." At the same time, and without stopping to think, he stepped forward and hit the bundled-up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around, and he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentleman the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and inquiring gaze of the man in front, and then, stepping forward, said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

"I am," was the quiet reply.

The Impossible.

The prisoner at the bar had won the favor of the Chicago Judge, and that dispenser of justice wanted to help him.

"You have restored the money you stole," he said, "and now, if I let you off, what will you do?"

"I'll lead an honest life, your Honor; indeed, I will," pleaded the prisoner.

"Where will you go?"

"I'll stay right here in Chicago, your Honor, where I was born and raised."

The Judge shook his head.

"I guess you'll find it easier at the workhouse," he said, coldly. "Six months."—